

Hard Work by HobbittSpaceCase

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Genre: Billy has a PA, Blowjobs, Future Fic, M/M, PWP, Porn with Feelings, Steve has lots of bad days at work, Verse Boys, but he has a Billy at home, dick piercings, soft dom Steve, willing to give him whatever he needs

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Summary:

Steve could admit, at this point, that coming home to Billy was the highlight of his day these days, with college behind him and a job he hated stretching ahead of him. All he wanted, by the time he had finished sitting through another boring day at his dad's company, was to go home and fuck his gorgeous boyfriend till there was nothing else in his head but Billy.

Hard Work

Author's Note:

Thanks to captainwingdings for the help with beta work!

Soft evening light was filtering through the window in the living room by the time Steve got home from work. The fading orange glow stretched across the room and glanced over the sharp curve of his boyfriend's strong jaw, glinting through the long lashes fanned out over high cheekbones. Shadows collected in the hollow of his throat and darkened the skin barely visible at the edges of a half-buttoned blue shirt.

If someone had told Steve back in high school that he would one day be dating and living with Billy Hargrove, he would have said that even the existence of hell dimensions and kids with magic powers didn't mean that *anything* was possible, and Billy being queer and falling in love with Steve was solidly high up on the *never gonna happen, even in Hawkins* list.

It turned out high school Steve wasn't as all-knowing as he'd thought, though. Getting out of his dad's house, as Steve learned later, made a huge difference in the amount of rage Billy carried around on a day-to-day basis. After they both started attending the same community college near Hawkins in the fall, Steve found himself running into Billy a startling amount. College softened Billy up even more, and by their third year, they'd struck up a friendship that had Dustin carrying on about possession and mind control for a full week, until Max kicked him in the shins and told him to stop being such a fuckhead because Billy was better these days. The curly-haired twerp had ended up coming to the small housewarming party Max threw for them when they rented an apartment together that fall, which still meant a lot to Steve.

Billy and Steve had fallen into romance slowly and all at once at the same time. Tension crackled between them for months, layered in between glances they both had both pretended to ignore, but by the time they fell in to bed with a bottle of whiskey to smooth the way, it

felt like the resolution to a discussion they'd been having the whole time. Steve could admit, at this point, that coming home to Billy was the highlight of his day these days, with college behind him and a job he hated stretching ahead of him. All he wanted, by the time he had finished sitting through another boring day at his dad's company, was to go home and fuck his gorgeous boyfriend till there was nothing else in his head but Billy.

Today, he toed off his shoes by the door and hung up his coat, smiling over at the sight of his boyfriend fast asleep on their ugly blue couch. Billy was laid out on his back, an open book face down on his stomach, rising and falling in time with each breath. Walking on soft feet, Steve slowly approached the couch and ran one hand over Billy's leg, from his calf up to his groin, grinning as Billy awoke with a lazy blink and a wicked smirk.

"Hey babe," Billy said, voice low and gravely with sleep.

"Hey yourself," Steve said back, shoving at Billy's long legs till he could sit down and rearrange them in his lap. "You have a good day?"

"Yeah," Billy said, dog-eared his page in his book and setting it on the floor, before arching his back to stretch his arms over his head. "Finished work on Mrs. Jacob's Pontiac and got off early. It was an easier job than we were expecting, but she won't be by the shop to pick it up till tomorrow." He leaned forward, abs rippling with the motion, to link his arms loosely around Steve's neck. "How was your day, babe?"

Steve's right hand slid absently up and down Billy's inner thigh, and he leaned over to kiss Billy, not minding the awkward position. "It sucked, as usual," he said. "But also as usual, I can't be fired due to being the boss's son and all. Just glared at in disappointment and told how much I'm not living up to my potential." Billy's fingers scratched pleasantly at the nape of Steve's neck, and Billy hummed in exasperated amusement.

"You know *I* wouldn't be disappointed if you quit working at that shithole, right?" Billy said, left leg falling to the floor to open himself further for Steve's wandering hand.

"I know, babe," Steve said, turning his face into Billy's wrist and sighing.

"But you won't," Billy said, not a question. Steve shook his head, practically feeling Billy's eyes roll even without looking. It was a conversation they'd had before, would probably have again, but Steve wasn't ready for that yet, and Billy knew better than to push.

They stayed that way for a few minutes, tangled up in each other on the couch while Steve breathed out the stress of his day and drew strong, teasing fingers over his boyfriend's thighs. Eventually, Billy was too wound up to stay quiet and still anymore. He fell back against the couch again, shifting his hips to try to get Steve's hand on his hardening cock. "You ever gonna stop teasing and touch me?" he asked. Steve huffed out a fond laugh.

"I know how much you like my teasing," Steve said with a grin, though he did follow up the taunt by cupping and squeezing the bulge in Billy's jeans. Billy whined, bucking into the pressure that disappeared all too quickly. "Lift your hips, babe," Steve said, yanking at Billy's pants and underwear as his boyfriend complied with the order. Once Billy was naked, he settled back down, sighing in pleasure as Steve drew his fingers over the sensitive skin of his groin, feather-light fingers tracing up his dick with just enough pressure to promise more to come.

"That all you got, Harrington?" Billy asked, tongue darting out between his teeth to lick over soft red lips. Blue eyes danced with mirth as Steve mock glared, fingers stopping at the tip of Billy's dick.

"Someone's feeling bratty tonight," Steve said. When Billy grinned at him, wide and innocent, Steve's finger slipped through the thick loop of metal at the tip of Billy's dick and *tugged*. Long practice had taught him just the right amount of force to use to get Billy's mouth dropping open on a desperate moan, his back arching and fingers scrabbling at the ugly blue sofa. "Much better," Steve said, petting over Billy's cock as his boyfriend panted for breath. He removed his hand briefly, ignoring Billy's whine at the loss of contact, to flip on the lamp on the end table. Warm yellow light flooded into the shadows growing across the room and glinted off the silver Prince Albert pierced through the head of Billy's dick.

That had been another surprise for Steve, once upon a time, but like the romantic side to his relationship with Billy, Steve had come to love this unexpected pleasure.

“You feeling mean tonight, sweetheart?” Billy asked a little breathlessly, blue eyes glittering in the lamplight.

Steve cocked his head, considering, but eventually shook his head in the negative. “I want to make you feel good,” he said, shoving at Billy’s legs to get him to sit up. Once Billy was upright, Steve slid to his knees on the floor. The bruises he would have on his knees tomorrow would be a pleasant reminder of tonight, and losing himself to pleasure. His hands slid reverently up Billy’s muscular thighs, parting Billy’s legs enough to let him shuffle closer, till he could dip his head and breath in the musk of Billy’s arousal.

“Gonna beg, babe?” he asked, glancing up through his lashes at Billy. Billy’s eyes were blown wide with lust, lips slightly parted as he stared down at Steve with something like reverence.

“Anything for you, sweetheart,” Billy said, soft and low, carding rough, grease-stained fingers through Steve’s perfectly coiffed hair. Their eyes met for a long moment, a low current humming in the air between them, before Steve’s head dipped back down, nose pushing into the crease of Billy’s inner thigh as he nuzzled at the rough hair of Billy’s groin. “Please,” Billy said, hand tightening in Steve’s hair. “Fuck, baby, *please*, I wanna feel your mouth on me, you make me feel so good.”

Steve smiled into tan skin, nipping at Billy’s thigh before dragging the flat of his tongue all the way up the underside of Billy’s cock. Strong fingers tightened in his hair, blond curls splaying out across the couch cushion as Billy’s head fell back against the couch, pretty moans dripping like honey from his lips. The metal of the piercing was cool against Steve’s tongue, and he licked and sucked over the whole of it, curling his tongue around it and tugging gently with his teeth till Billy’s thighs were trembling, his chest heaving with breaths pulled deep into his lungs only to be dragged back out in moans and whines and a litany of, “Fuck, yes, please, *Steve*.”

Steve’s fingers dug into hard muscle, holding Billy’s hips down when

his boyfriend made to thrust. "Shit, you're gorgeous," Billy said, staring down the length of his chest to Steve, who flicked his tongue over the piercing again with a small grin. "So fucking pretty, please don't stop." Steve rubbed his cheek against Billy's inner thigh, one hand migrating towards the base of Billy's dick to press against the big vein at the underside and hold it steady.

"I don't intend to stop till you're coming down my throat," Steve promised, and barely gave Billy time to react before he swallowed his boyfriend down to the root, humming as the piercing hit the back of his throat. It left a metallic aftertaste on his tongue, something cold and biting overlaid on top of the taste of sweat and skin and salty, bitter precum. The smooth ring slid easily against Steve's throat, grazing up against the gag reflex he'd spent an impressive amount of time learning to suppress, just so he could do this. The skill never failed to leave Billy a twitching, panting mess, fingers tugging and yanking at Steve's hair till not a single strand remained in place.

Drool ran down Steve's chin, slicking up Billy's cock and balls and thighs, his hair stood out in every direction, and sweat stuck his shirt to his chest and arms. He dropped his head further, choking on Billy's dick till his nose was buried in curly blond hair, and felt the day's tension uncoiling in his stomach and melting away through the cheap carpet beneath his knees. A particularly deep grunt paired with a vicious tug of the small hairs at the back of his neck spurred him on, bobbing up and down the whole length of Billy's cock. His lips dragged up velvety skin till he could flick the tip of his tongue against the spit-warmed piercing and sank back down till the metal dug into the back of his throat, establishing a steady rhythm that Billy echoed in the noises spilling from his mouth and the tiny, aborted thrusts of his strong hips.

"Shit, sweetheart, I'm gonna come," Billy breathed above him. A soft hum made a full-body shiver run up Billy's spine, and Steve dug his thumbs in increasingly smaller circles towards Billy's perineum. One hand drifted back further, thumb pressing up against the ring of muscle between his cheeks, dragging a whine from Billy's chest. "Please," Billy said again, pushing down against Steve's thumb and up into his mouth. "Fuck, baby, *please*."

Gathering up the saliva spilling between Billy's legs with his thumb,

Steve pushed his mouth down as far as he could go on Billy's dick and pushed his thumb past Billy's hole at the same time. A full-body shudder wrenched through his boyfriend and Billy came, spilling down Steve's throat and onto his tongue as he pulled back. The ring leant a bright aftertaste to the warm bitterness of the semen, a taste Steve would always associate with Billy.

Both boys stayed in place for several long moments, breathing deeply and coming down from the heady rush of sex.

Finally, when the ache in his knees started becoming more annoying than pleasantly distracting, Steve clambered to his feet, wincing at the creak in his joints, and dropped onto the couch next to Billy. He dragged Billy's arm over his shoulders and snuggled into Billy's side, pressing a few wet, semen-flavored kisses to Billy's ribcage. "Love you," he said into Billy's side, and Billy's arm tightened around him.

"Love you too, pretty boy," Billy said. His fingers dragged soothing lines up and down Steve's back, pausing for a moment as Billy shifted to see Steve better. "You want me to repay you?" he asked, scritchng at the back of Steve's neck with blunt nails.

"Wanna feel you inside me later," Steve said, still rubbing his face on Billy's chest, soft stubble scraping over smooth skin. "But we can eat dinner, first." He smirked and nipped at the skin right by Billy's nipple. "Give you a chance to recover, and then you're gonna fuck me till I'm screaming."

"Am I?" Billy said, laughing, as Steve soothed the bite mark with his tongue. Steve nodded, his stubble leaving more marks than his teeth on Billy's side. "Alright, you're the boss."

"Damn right, I am," Steve said. He sat up reluctantly, but the promise of getting thoroughly fucked till he could barely remember his own name later kept him moving. "Dinner, and then fucking, and then sleep. And then tomorrow we both have off work, and if you leave the bed before we've both had at least two orgasms I'm never speaking to you again. I don't care how much you like working out in the morning."

Billy smiled fondly at his boyfriend's grumpy tone. "I think I can live

with that,” he said, standing and tugging Steve up with him. He watched Steve amble slowly towards the kitchen and food, imagining the smooth skin and gorgeous ass and thick, beautiful cock hidden behind the stuffy business clothes, and amended his statement.

“Yeah, I can definitely live with that.”